

Canibus Lyrics

"Allied Meta Forces"

(feat. Kool G Rap)

[Canibus:]

Yo, the shotee rip, perforate the skin on top of your ribs
Red stuff comes out of squibs like a Hollywood script
Bitch niggaz on the floor screamin' for mommy and shit
Cardiologists hook up the heart monitors quick
Thermometer temperature dips below seventy-six
That's what you get for tellin' niggaz that you're better than 'Bis
Not possible, if I can't pronounce it, it ain't rhymable
The audible probability probably ain't probable
Supreme rap, G rap underground without a roof
Chopper proof, holdin' Hip-Hop for hostage about to shoot
Helicopters stabilize at low altitudes
Talkin' to the negotiator layin' out the rules
In a tight compromisin' loop road blocked with troops
Under orders not to shoot but they break your vertebra with boots
Ten O'clock news flash, 'Bis and G Rap
All points bulletin lookin' for them niggaz in black
Leaned back in an Avocado El-Dorado
Passin' the bottle, speakin' Japanese like, "No me mah show"
She's got a banging body, cold sushi with warm saki
And if I'm rappin' sloppy G's got me

[Kool G. Rap:]

Welcome to my world, danger and hazards
Gang of bastards, bangin' they ratchets
King and the Jacker, slangin' in traffic
Claimin' they cabbage, obtain half, they aimin' for stackage
Get brains from the attic, keep blingin' with karats
Cops see me in Maddox, then let ya dame have it, flames to the attic
The stains on ya fabric, the paint in the graphic
Canibus and G Rap, bangin' a classic
And if that beef on the street - hate you enough
Blow out ya brain in ya casket
Don't you love this drug element?
Where slugs crush ya melon and dome
Chrome that's known to break bones in an elephant
Shotgun pellets and, gunsmoke; smell the scent
Big bullets wiggle ya guts like gelatin
Cut through ya skeleton, knockage intelligence
Bystanders bite the dust
Jake wanna be like a Russian cuffed thrown in that Riker bus
We raised in the slums, with haze in our lungs, raisin' the guns
Knowin' - my day'll come, razors under the tongue
Clips in the steel, bricks in the wheels
Chips in the field of fortune
Dead men walkin' with hits on the grills

Late night at the spot, posted with goons, dope and balloons
 Coke and the doom, you scheme?
 I'll leave you open with wounds, nigga!
 Witness G Rap put it back in perspective
 Beat up shit with a dash of the peppers
 Get blast for ya necklace
 Leave ya brains on the dash in ya Lexus
 We up in the club, dash for the exit
 Make ya spread 'em out - show you what this lead about
 Take it from an old thug, whoever clean cold blood
 Believe they bled it out (Yo)
 Crave for the war, pop out rages with fours
 Hit the jackpot, blazin' the raw - gettin' bands in the pores
 Bitches enjoy with dick in their jaws
 The frame drank sick of Valor, straight bandit spot
 Open up shop, turn the block to "Planet Rock"
 Shit with no chop, slept with the glock with the hammer cocked
 Servin' the fiends, hop in the Suburban and lean
 Look at that don nigga swervin' in Queens, playa
 Ballin' a lot, brawlin' for props, callin' the shots
 Hit the curb, birds all on the flock
 Jockin', like "who that there covered in all of them rocks"
 (Giacanna) It's royalty bitch, fall on the cock, recognize one (Ride out)
 Giacanna G Rap, that live one - pay homage (God bitch!)
 Get it fucked up, I spray comments, nigga what?!
 (Nigga what, it's The Curriculum: Mic Club)

[Canibus:]

Yo, e'yythin' is e'yythin' my nigga
 I ain't bitter but if I give you the finger it'll be behind a trigger
 Faggot ass nigga livin' in a gated community
 Up at radio tellin' them what you're going to do to me
 I live in the 'burbs
 Clean my Winchester every other weekend with the same dirty Hanes shirt
 It takes two to tango, three to jump rope
 Four to bury the body plus look out for poe'
 Yo, I guard everythin' within the limits of my post
 My orders are to smoke you if you get too close
 The whole Globe is scared of my flow
 Spirit world, scared of my soul
 Nowadays it's like I'm scared to be known
 The methods of my motivation is completely subjective
 My perception is completely parallel to perspective
 Rhyming is the reason I spit in faces
 Habituation of my flamboyance without rational reservation
 Whiskey, X-ray, Yankee, Zulu, unusual
 Wordologically my syllable position is beautiful
 Only respect niggaz if the feelin' is mutual
 G Rap snatched the jewels from you; I'll throw them in the crucible
 Probably throw you in it too, mix it up and make nigga-stew
 If you can't admit I'm iller than you
 Baby what's wrong with your shadows, Canibus and G Rap flow
 Mothafucka you're 'fessionallin' with the Pros

[Kool G. Rap:]

Know it's, dough over hoes - bankrolls, Rovers and clothes
And shots blow all them cowards and foes
Giacanna proud with the pros, foul mode
We quick reachers, spear with the fearless 'til you drip liters
Flip divas, the big secret on the strip to 'til their tits and beaver
Sip Cris' and sniff coke of the peeter
Yeah we ball big baby, lock off the meter
You should see us, it's movie star status
Scar lavish large cabbage, rip the Pablo Escobar fabrics
Froze the road we chose, not a pretty route, nittied out
Grimey and grittied out, stack dough, jiggy out
Dime bitches behavin' like ya sex slave skizzied out
Some nigga dizzy style 'til he's out, busy mouth
Swerve to the curb, hit the bird split the kitties out
We kidnap for trap - blackmail for a gang a mill
Spot banger himself, fishscale rocks under the fingernails
The blood trail lead to a corpse
Treat my appetite for greed with a torch
For keys to a Porsche, to breeze in the loft
Roll up my hand sheets with the force
We squeeze off, no need for remorse, playa
Forty wild goons, we forty Calhouns
You die forty foul dooms for forty coward moves
Bless sparkle, and spark until my shorty style rules
Giancanna dead? We spread; I'll be a 40 mile tune nigga
What, what nigga? The noble laureate comin' at y'all niggaz
Uh, 40-pound style nigga